

The Globe-Republic

PUBLISHED BY
THE GLOBE PUBLISHING CO.
Dodge City, Kansas

NEVER lose your head in a crisis, as you may need it after the crisis has passed.

THE public hears so much about the "pneumatic tire" that it is getting that tired feeling.

THE day is coming when the storage battery will displace the horse as a motive power for carriages. The storage battery does not eat its own head off. Let it come.

WHEN the New York oyster beds are made locations for cholera stations, the statistics of the profits of the oyster trade are likely to be punctuated with comma bacillus.

THE only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recesses of domestic life.

IS IT any wonder that Patti declines to bid a long farewell to the stage? For her next tour she is guaranteed \$4,000 for each appearance. At such a price as this farewell is surely hard to say.

IN a recent bulletin of the Census Bureau the absolute wealth of the United States is estimated, according to the 1890 census, at \$63,648,000,000. This is over \$1,000 per capita, as against \$870 in 1880, \$780 in 1870, and \$514 in 1860.

THE French have commenced hostilities against Dahomey. Their chivalrous repugnance to fighting women has vanished, since they found out by painful experience what opinion women of the Amazon stamp hold of chivalry.

THE King of Dahomey will attend the World's Fair, it is said, if he may be allowed three public human sacrifices each week. The king must stay at home if this is the case. Privileges of the kind he asks for are permitted to railroad companies only.

THE Indian proteges of the nation are shortly to be paid in silver dollars instead of agency beef and stores, and the young bucks are already speculating as to what sort of pockets they will have stitched into their bright and breezy garments.

THE masculine habit of shooting some woman and then committing suicide presents its happiest phase in the case of the late Gripman Johnson, of San Francisco. The woman is recovering. Too often the murder is a success and the suicide a maudlin failure.

UNCLE SAM can afford to give the people small bills that are in decent condition. A large proportion of those in circulation are positively filthy, and persons with any regard for neatness would not touch them if they were not money. Clean up the paper currency!

IMPULSIVE people have a certain force and enthusiasm about them which cooler and more calculating people sometimes lack. Their danger is that they are prone to act and speak hastily, without due consideration, and that therefore they must sometimes repent at leisure.

THERE'S nothing petty about the Pettijohn family, of Walla Walla County. There are ten members of the family who average 244 pounds in weight and are six and one-half feet tall. When a tramp calls on them he is generally as docile as he is dirty and doesn't begin to put on any airs.

WHEELING, W. Va., has used until 1892 the water works erected in 1839. Now, there is a town you can depend upon. This doubling of population every seven years has its advantages in some respects, but it does jar the smooth serenity of the taxpayer. Fifty-three years without new water works!

A GERMAN physician of note declares that the disinfection pad in that country is as harmful as cholera itself. That may be true. The use of disinfecting drugs may be carried to useless and even injurious extremes. But cleansing is another thing. There is no danger of keeping the person and premises too clean.

A GREAT deal of sympathy was poured out over the silk stocking passengers on the plague ships in quarantine. Doubtless they were in a bad box. But what about the poor steerage people with cholera right among them? Anybody who is anxious to shed tears or dollars in their behalf is entitled to a large segment of the floor.

THE journals of perfidious Albion are devoting much valuable space to discussion of the dolls the Queen

used to play with in her childhood, and the trousers the noble Duke of York is wearing at the present moment. In the interest of concentration of the subject it might be well to cut up the pants and make clothes for the dolls.

PRESIDENT HIGINBOTHAM, of the World's Fair Directory, is a pushing, shrewd and clear-headed business man, who will soon get rid of a lot of ornamental barnacles who have fastened themselves upon the pay-rolls. The Chicago people will forgive the new President for having such an outrageously commonplace name in consideration of his being a business partner of Marshall Field.

WHEN Corbett reached Boston he was hoisted, with vociferous acclaim, to the pedestal whereon Sullivan had stood for years, the ruling god of pugdom. The spectacle of thousands jostling one another to catch a glimpse of the new deity and touch the hand that had belted John L. does much to relieve Boston of the charge of being a city of culture and natural home of the over-soul.

ARIZONA'S population having increased 70,000 in a year, she is anxious to become a State. The Territory is improving, it is true, and when irrigation becomes more general, will be in a still better condition. But it is not yet time to create a State. Nevada is an example of undue haste in this respect. This State is much less prosperous than when it was voted into the Union, because silver mining was then booming. If Congress is wise it will go slow in this matter.

This is the era of the reproduction. Libby Prison, the McLain homestead at Appomattox, a village of Tartary and scores of other curiosities have been reproduced for Chicago, most of them for World's Fair uses. The latest is a Roman home, which will stand on Midway Plaisance, and instruct the nations in architecture and ornament in the early centuries. The circus at Casarea and Ben Hur's chariot race are about all that the curiosity-makers have left untouched.

THE unspeakable Turk has a way peculiarly his own of disposing of knotty local questions. We read that the thirst for knowledge had overcrowded the schools in a portion of his dominions, and it was necessary to do something at once. Did he build more school houses? You don't know the Turk if you think so. He merely seized 2,000 students, loaded them upon vessels and deported them, nobody knows where. Thus the congestion was at once remedied, and things now go on as smoothly as ever.

THE Czar has dismissed his ablest General. No more the foes of Russia will be obliged to quail before the awful name of Dragoinoff. It appears that Dragoinoff was not only too harsh in his methods to be a congenial element within the gentle sway of the Bear, but he had a habit of filling his military skin with rum, and while under its influence would swear with a fluent accuracy that was none the less true to its mark because the royal master was occasionally the target. So Dragoinoff had to go.

THE abominable smell often noticed about very cheaply bound books is caused by the carboic acid which is put in the paste to preserve it and keep it free from cockroaches, which will scent pure paste a block away and come to it in shoals. Under ordinary circumstances cloths will do as well as carboic acid, but in book-binders, where there is always a good supply of paste and where the other attractions for cockroaches are numerous, carboic acid is really the only effectual preventive. In the case of better bound books very little paste is used, and the leather has generally sufficient perfume about it to counteract a little unpleasantness.

IN the little city of Ottawa, capital of the Dominion of Canada, electricity has probably been more fully developed than in any other city in the world. Power for the generation of electricity is obtained from the Chaudiere Falls. The streets and houses are thoroughly lighted, and in the city of from 4,000 to 5,000 population there are in use 700,000 lamps of various kinds, with power for a million more. The cost of lighting is hardly more than nominal. Electricity is to be extensively used for heating and cooking purposes. Already one hotel, the Windsor, uses it exclusively for cooking. It is to be used the coming winter for heating the electric street cars, and it is said an even temperature of 70 degrees can be obtained with the weather at 40 degrees below zero. Heating and cooking facilities are obtained by a device patented by two young Canadians. Tailors use the fluid for heating their flat-irons, which are simply connected with the current by a small wire, with thumb screws, and the irons can be, under full force, made so hot as to set fire to paper or cloth. Great are the uses of electricity.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE GREAT PREACHER SPEAKS OF "THE FINGER OF GOD."

An Extremely Interesting and Instructive Sermon, Preceded by the Hymn, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way His Wonders to Perform."

At the Tabernacle.

Dr. Talmage's sermon was on the text Exodus viii, 19, "The Finger of God." Pharaoh was sulking in his marble throne at Memphis. Plague after plague had come, and sometimes the Egyptian monarch was disposed to do better, but at the lifting of each plague he was as bad as before. The necromancers of the palace, however, were compelled to recognize the Divine movement, and after one of the most exasperating plagues of all the series they cried out in the words of my text, "This is the finger of God!"—not the first nor the last time when bad people said a good thing. An old Philadelphia friend visiting me the other day asked me if I had ever noticed this passage of Scripture from which I to-day speak. I told him no, and I said right away, "That is a good text for a sermon."

We all recognize the hand of God and know it is a mighty hand. You have seen a man keep two or three rubber balls flying in the air, catching and pitching them so that none of them fell to the floor, and do this for several minutes, and you have admired his dexterity. You have thought how the hand of God keeps millions and millions of round worlds vasty larger than our world flying for centuries without letting one fall! Wondrous power and skill of God's hand! But about that I am not to discourse. My text leads me to speak of less than a fifth of the Divine hand. "This is the finger of God." Only in two other places does the Bible refer to this division of the Omnipotent hand. The rocks on Mount Sinai are basal and very hard stone. Do you imagine it was a chisel that cut the ten commandments in that basalt? No; in Exodus we read that the tables of stone were "written with the finger of God." Christ says that he cast out devils with "the finger of God."

The only instance that Christ wrote a word He wrote not with a pen on parchment, but with his finger on the ground. Yet though so seldom reference is made in the Bible to a part of God's hand, if you and I keep our eyes open and our hearts right, we will be compelled often to cry out, "This is the finger of God!" It is my intention before long to begin a series of sermons on "The Astronomy of the Bible, or God Among the Stars," "The Ornithology of the Bible, or God Among the Birds," "The Pomology of the Bible, or God Among the Orchards," "The Ichthyology of the Bible, or God Among the Fishes," "The Geology of the Bible, or God Among the Rocks," "The Waters of the Bible, or God Among the Seas," "The Zoology of the Bible, or God Among the Beasts," "The Precious Stones of the Bible, or God Among the Amethysts," "The Conchology of the Bible, or God Among the Shells," "The Botany of the Bible, or God Among the Flowers," "The Chronology of the Bible, or God Among the Centuries," and I want this coming winter to get you and get myself into the habit of seeing the finger of God everywhere and in everything; but this morning I want to induce you to look for the finger of God in your personal affairs.

To most of us gesticulation is natural. If a stranger accost you on the street and ask you the way to some place, it is as natural as to breathe for you to level your forefinger this way or that. Not one out of a thousand of you would stand with your hands by your side and make no motion with your finger. Whatever you may say with your lips is emphasized and re-enforced and translated by your finger. Now God in the dear old books says to us innumerable things by the way of direction. He plainly tells us of life, if we will only look, we will find providential guidance appropriate to the case, and then obligatorily from your mind the identity of the slips of paper draw the decision and act upon it. In that case I think you have a right to take that indication as the finger of God. But do not do that except as the last resort and with a devoutness that leaves absolutely all with God.

For much that concerns us we have no responsibility, and we need not make appeal to the Lord for direction. We are not responsible for most of our surroundings. We are not responsible for the country of our birth, nor for whether we are Americans or Norwegians or Scotchmen or Irishmen or Englishmen. We are not responsible for the age in which we live. We are not responsible for our temperament, be it nervous or phlegmatic, bilious or sanguine. We are not responsible for our features, be they homely or beautiful. We are not responsible for the height or smallness of our stature. We are not responsible for the fact that we are mentally dull or brilliant. For the most of our environments we have no more responsibility than we have for the mollusks at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

Oh, I am so glad that there are about five hundred thousand things that we are not responsible for! Do not blame us for being in our manner cold as an iceberg, or nervous as a cat amid a pack of Fourth of July firecrackers. If you are determined to blame somebody, blame our great-grandfathers or great-grandmothers, who died before the Revolutionary war, and who may have had habits depressing and ruinous. There are wrong things about us all, which make me think that one hundred and fifty years ago there was some terrible crack in our ancestral line. Realize that, and it will be a relief semi-infinite. Let us take ourselves as we are this moment, and then ask "Which way?" Get all the direction you can from careful and constant study of the Bible, and then look up and look out and look

around, and see if you can find the finger of God.

It is a remarkable thing that sometimes no one can see that finger but yourself. A year before Abraham Lincoln signed the proclamation of emancipation the White House was thronged with committees and associations, ministers and laymen, advising the President to make that proclamation. But he waited and waited amid scoff and anathema, because he did not himself see the finger of God. After awhile and at just the right time he saw the divine pointing and signed the proclamation. The distinguished Confederates, Mason and Slidell, were taken off an English vessel by the United States Government. "Don't give them up," shouted all the Northern States. "Let us have war with England rather than surrender them," was the almost unanimous cry of the North. But William H. Seward saw the finger of God leading in just the opposite direction and the Confederates were given up, and we avoided a war with England which at that time would have been the demolition of the United States Government.

In other words, the finger of God as it directs you, may be invisible to everybody else. Follow the divine pointing, as you see it, although the world may call you a fool. There has never been a man or a woman who amounted to anything that has not sometimes been called a fool. Nearly all the mistakes that I and I have made have come from our following the pointing of some other finger, instead of the finger of God. But, now, suppose all forms of disaster close in upon a man. Suppose his business collapses. Suppose he buys goods and cannot sell them. Suppose by a new invention others can furnish the same goods at less price. Suppose a cold spring or a late autumn or the coming of an epidemic corners a man, and his notes come due and he cannot meet them, and his rent must be paid and there is nothing with which to pay it, and the wages of the employees are due and there is nothing with which to meet that obligation, and the bank will not discount, and the business friends to whom he goes for accommodation are in the same predicament, and he bears up and struggles on, until, after awhile, crash goes the whole concern.

He stands wondering and saying: "I do not see the meaning of all this. I have done the best I could. God knows I would pay my debts if I could, but here I am hedged in and stopped." What should that man do in that case—go to the scriptures and read the promise about all things working together for good and kindred passages? That is well. But he needs to do something besides reading the Scriptures. He needs to look for the finger of God that is pointing toward better treasures; that is urging him to higher realms. No human finger ever pointed to the east or west or north or south so certainly as the finger of God is pointing that troubles man to higher and better spiritual resources than he has ever enjoyed. There are men of vast wealth who are as rich for heaven as they are for this world, but they are exceptions.

If a man grows in grace it is generally before he gets \$100,000 or after he loses it. If a man has plenty of railroad securities and has applied to his banker for more; if the lots he bought have gone up 50 percent in value; if he had hard work to get the door of his fireproof safe shut because of a new roll of securities he put in there just before locking up at night; if he is speculating in a falling market or a rising market and things take for him a right turn, he does not grow in grace very much that week. Do you know what made the great revival of 1857, when more people were converted to God probably than in any year since Christ was born? It was the de-falcations and bankruptcy that swept American prosperity so flat that it could fall no flatter.

I am speaking of whole souled men. Such men are so broken by calamity that they are humbled and fly to God for help. Men who have no spirit and never expect anything are much affected by financial changes. They are as apt to go into the kingdom under one set of circumstances as another. They are deadbeats wherever they are. The only way to get rid of them is to lend them a dollar and you will never see them again. I have tried that plan and it works well. But I am speaking of the effect of misfortune on high spirited men. Nothing but trial will turn such men from earth to heaven. It is only through clouds and darkness and whirlwind of disaster such men can see the finger of God.

Nations also would do well to watch for the finger of God. What does the cholera scare in America mean? Some say it means that the plague will sweep our land next summer. I do not believe a word of it. There will be no cholera here next summer. Four or five summers ago there were those who said it would surely be here the following summer because it was on the way. But it did not come. The sanitary precautions established here will make next summer unusually healthful. Cholera never starts from where it stopped the season before, but always starts in the fifth of Asia, and if it starts next summer, it will start there again—it will not start from New York quarantine. But it is evident to me that the finger of God is in this cholera scare, and that He is pointing this nation to something higher and better. It has been demonstrated as never before that we are in the hands of God. He allowed the plague to come to our very gates then halted it.

I rejoice that there are many encouraging signs for our nation, and one of these is that this presidential campaign has less malignity and abuse than any presidential campaign since we have been a nation. Turn over to the pictorial and the columns of the political sheets of the presidential excitement all the way back, and see what contumely Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe and Jackson went through. Now see the almost entire absence of all that. The political orators I notice this year are apt to begin by eulogizing the honesty and good intentions of the opposing candidate, and say that he is better than his party. Instead of vitriol, camomile flowers. That we seem to have escaped the degradation of the usual quadrilateral billingsgate is an encouraging fact.

Perhaps this betterment may have somewhat resulted from the address hovering over the heads of one of the candidates—a sadness in which the whole nation sympathizes. Perhaps we have been so absorbed in paying honors to Christopher Columbus that we have forgotten to anathematize the prominent men of the present. No man in this country is fully honored until he is dead. Whatever be the reason, this nation has escaped many of the horrors that ordinarily accompany the presidential con-

test. But let us not pause too long in hilarity about the present and forget the fact that there are not only temporal possibilities far greater than those attained, but higher moral and religious possibilities. The God of our fathers is the God of their children, and His finger points us to a higher national career than many have yet suspected. For our churches, our schools, our colleges, our institutions of mercy, the best days are yet to come.

But notice that this finger of God almost always and in almost everything points forward and not backward. All the way through the Bible, the tomb and pincen on the altar, the pillar of fire poised above the wilderness, peace offering, sin offering, trespass offering, fingers of Joseph and Isaac and Joshua and David and Isaiah and Micah and Ezekiel, altogether made the one finger of God pointing to the human, the divine, the gracious, the glorious, the omnipotent, the gentle, the pardoning and suffering and atoning Christ. And now the same finger of God is pointing the world upward to the same Redeemer and forward to the time of His universal domination. My hearers, get out of the habit of looking back and looking down, and look up and look forward. It is useful once in awhile to look back, but you had better for the most part of your time, stop reminiscence and begin anticipation. We have none of us hardly begun yet.

If we love the Lord and trust Him—and you may all love Him and trust Him from this moment on—we no more understand the good things ahead of us than the child at school studying his A B C can understand what that has to do with his reading John Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," or Dante's "Divina Commedia." The satisfactions and joys we have as yet had are like the music a boy makes with his first lesson on the violin compared with what was evoked from his great orchestra by my dear and illustrious and transcendent but now departed friend, Patrick Gilmore, when he lifted his baton and all the strings vibrated, and all the trumpets pealed forth, and all the flutes caled, and all the drums rolled, and all the hoofs of the cavalry charged, which he imitated, were in full beat. Look ahead! The finger of God points forward.

"Oh, but," says some one, "I am getting old, and I have a touch of rheumatism in that foot, and I believe something is the matter with my heart, and I cannot stand as much as I used to." Well, I congratulate you, for that shows you are getting nearer to the time when you are going to enter immortal youth and be strong enough to hurl off the battlements of Heaven any bandit who by unheard of burglary might break into the Golden City. "But," says some one, "I feel so lonely. The most of my friends are gone, and the bereavements of life have multiplied until this world that was once so bright to me has lost its charm."

I congratulate you, for when you go there will be fewer here to hold you back and more there to pull you in. Look ahead! The finger of God is pointing forward. We sit here in church, and by hymn and prayer and sermon, and Christian association we try to get into a frame of mind that will be accepted to God and pleasant to ourselves. But what a stupid thing it all is compared with what it will be when we have gone beyond psalmbook and sermon and Bible, and we stand our last imperfection zone, in the presence of that charm of the universe—the blessed Christ—and have Him look in our face and say: "I have been watching you and sympathizing with you and helping you all these years, and now you are here. Go where you please and never know a sorrow and never shed a tear. There is your mother now—she is coming to greet you—and there is your father, and there are your children. Sit down under the tree of life, and on the banks of this river talk it all over."

I tell you there will be more joy in one minute of that than in fifty years of earthly exultation. Look ahead! Look at the finest house on earth, and know that you will have a finer one in heaven. Look up the healthiest person you can find, and know you will yet be healthier. Look up the one who has the best eyesight of any one you have ever heard of, and know you will have better vision. Listen to the sweetest prima donna that ever trod the platform, and know that in heaven you will lift a more enrapturing song than ever enchanted earthly auditorium.

My friends, I do not know how we are going to stand it—I mean the full inrush of that splendor. Last summer I saw Moscow, in some respects the most splendid city under the sun. The emperor afterward asked me if I had seen it, for Moscow is the pride of Russia. I told him yes, and that I had seen Moscow burn. I will tell you what it meant. After examining two brass cannons which were picked out of the snow after Napoleon retreated from Moscow, each cannon deep cut with the letter "N," I ascended a tower of some two hundred and fifty feet just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then as I reached the top all the bells underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of 1,400 towers and domes and turrets.

Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens—sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so restful, and they seemed to breathe and whirl and rise and sink and burst and roll and mount and die. When Napoleon saw Moscow burn, it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the fourteen hundred turrets all aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and walls of malachite, and architecture of all colors mingling the brown of autumnal forests, and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagration of morning-skies, and the green of rich meadows, and the foam of tossing seas.

The mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrancement almost too much for human nerves, or human eyes, or human ears. I expect to see nothing to equal it until you and I see heaven. But that will surpass it and make the memory of what I saw that July evening in Moscow almost tame and insipid. All heaven aglow and all heaven a-ling not in the sunset, but in the sunrise. Voices of our own kindred mingling with the dogologies of empires. Organs of eternal worship responding to the trumpets that have awakened the dead. Nations in white, Centuries in coronation. Anthems like the voice of many waters. Circle of martyrs. Circle of apostles. Circle of prophets. Thrones of cherubim. Thrones of seraphim. Throne of archangel. Throne of Christ. Throne of God. Thrones! Thrones! Thrones!



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